

That's the kind of love

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That's the kind of love

by [obfuscatedheart](#)

Summary

Will has grown up with a single Omega father who had Will following a heat spent with an Alpha that he didn't know. To save his son from having to go through the same thing Beau has always told Will to make sure that he only slept with someone once he is married and bonded. At the age of 23 Will is courting Matthew, a sweet Alpha he met one day.

After a routine cervical screening Will finds out he is pregnant; the doctor had accidentally artificially inseminated him rather than the patient the next door down. He decides to at least meet with the father to make a decision on what to do, the only thing he knows is that the Alpha and Will must be extremely compatible for Will to fall pregnant outside of his heat.

Hannibal Lecter owns and operates a chain of restaurants on the East Coast and is everything one could want in an Alpha, except he is seemingly happily married. His scent drives Will to distraction, but that's just his hormones right?

Notes

This is a Jane the Virgin AU that has been bouncing round my head for a while. So this was the perfect time to post this.

The non-con in the tags is purely in relation to the insemination not to any actions between the characters.

Beta read by: mlobsters who you can find on tumblr [here](#)

I was so incredibly lucky that the wonderful metencephalon chose my work to record a podfic of my work! You can find the podfic [here](#) and metencephalon on twitter [here](#). They were are a dream to work with and so talented.

Chapter 1

Will wakes with a start when the door opens. He looks at the small omega woman who smiles at him. “My apologies, Mr Graham. I am just running a little late this morning. My name is Dr Bloom.”

“Not a problem. It gave me a moment of peace and quiet.”

“Busy day?” she asks kindly, there is a strange note of something in her voice. A sadness that tugs at Will.

“Yeah. Just running from one thing to the next.” He’s learned not to let on that he has to work two jobs to make ends meet. There were always those pitying looks when they saw his unmarked neck along with his scent.

“Let’s have a look then shall we.”

She sits on the stool between his spread legs and lifts up the sheet covering him. A nurse had been in earlier to prepare him, had put his ankles into stirrups with an apologetic look and covered him ready for the doctor.

He hears a stifled sob between his legs. “I didn’t think I looked that bad down there.”

The doctor pops up between his legs and Will can see tears in her eyes. “I’m sorry, this is so unprofessional. It was just something that has happened in my personal life.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine. Just give me a moment to gather myself.”

“Of course.”

There are a few tense moments while Will listens to her ragged breathing as she tries to calm herself down. He doesn’t quite know what to do but he senses that she needs some time to collect herself. The embarrassment seems to be the biggest thing for her at that moment.

He flinches when the speculum is inserted. “Sorry. This bit is always the worst but just a moment longer and then we’re all done.”

“Right,” Will says as he grips the edges of the bed. Aside from his regular screenings he has never had anything inside of him and it is so jarring. In some ways having something inside of him feels right but the cold hard metal doesn’t feel like it belongs there.

The speculum is removed and Will feels like he can breathe easy again.

“You’ll know your results in two weeks' time.” She says as she packs away the tray. “If you want to take a couple of minutes to just relax, the nurse will be back in about ten minutes to undo your legs.”

Will nods and lays back against the uncomfortable bench and closes his eyes to rest. He has about an hour until he has to be back at work.

Will doesn't think much about the appointment for two weeks. After all it is a routine exam that he has had a few times so there isn't much he needs to look out for. And since he hasn't received any concerned calls that let him know that he needs to go in for further checks, he is almost certain that is absolutely fine.

He is exhausted but he supposes that makes sense with the fact that he is working three jobs at the moment to help out his father. His father Beau is a kind and gentle omega who had given birth to Will nine months after he had met and spent his heat with an alpha in a bar. Because of that his dad had impressed it upon Will that he shouldn't sleep with anyone until he was bonded.

The first conversation had been when Will had presented as an omega. The moment his heat had been over his dad had sat him down and told him that he should never allow anyone to mate him. At least until he had a ring on his finger and a scar on his neck. Will had nodded solemnly at his father and kept his promise. Now at the age of 25 and thirteen years after that fateful conversation Will was seen as a pariah. He had kept his promise to Beau and never been with anyone. Even though he had had plenty of offers over the years.

Matthew was the latest offer and one that he had been contemplating most seriously. He had met Matthew when Beverly had invited him to a small gathering for her birthday. For the first time in his entire life, Will had drunk too much. He was usually someone that was able to hold his liquor. One didn't grow up with a father like Beau and not learn how to drink whiskey. But that fateful night Beverly had pushed to him with a laugh and he had taken them off her hands eagerly. He had managed to accrue enough time off to have a few days free from all three of his jobs, so he knew he had nowhere to be.

Will had woken up in hospital the next morning, his head pounding, with Matthew staring down at him. The alpha's scent had been comforting in the way many others had been. They had started talking about their lives and found so many commonalities. Both had been raised by a single omega parent and moved around a lot during their childhood before finally settling in Baltimore. In the end boats had not been enough money for Will's father to keep them afloat and when he had gotten the job at a small firm as janitor, Beau had jumped at the chance. After all cities like Baltimore didn't stigmatize single omega parents the way their home had.

After being discharged, Will had made the bold choice of giving Matthew his phone number and promised that they would meet for a coffee in the near future. Matthew had smiled at him and Will felt a flutter in his stomach.

That had been a year ago and after they had become friends, they had begun courting. Will knew that he loved Matthew enough to consider bonding with him. But that wouldn't happen until he had finished his graduate program to be a teacher. It had seemed like the obvious choice with wanting a more secure environment than Beau had. And it was the choice that usually offered the most options for omegas in terms of career progression. Will had planned

out their entire lives so that he could feel a little more in control. A five year plan to finish his degree and start his career before they would consider children, and bonding only after he graduated.

Will feels so tired that when there are free seats on the bus he gratefully sinks into one. His dad sits down next to him and smiles at him. Will gets a bottle of water out of his bag and gulps down the water gratefully.

“You look exhausted, darlin’,” Beau says after a moment.

“I think I’m just burning the candle at both ends.”

“I know, but nothing is going to fall apart if you reduce your hours. We’re secure.”

Will wants to grimace, he knows that they are but he can’t help but think that everything will collapse as soon as he stops for more than a couple of days. But he’s so tired, he is seriously considering reducing his hours or even dropping one job altogether.

“How is Matthew?”

“He’s good, just finishing his nurse practitioner certification.”

“That’s good. Nice bump up for him.”

Will nods, he’s proud of Matthew. Knowing that he will be able to do some of the things he has always wanted to do; namely working with and diagnosing patients independently.

“Yeah. He’s really happy.”

“Good. Do you think he’ll bump up your timeline?”

“He better not. I have a very clear plan for my life, and doing anything earlier is going to ruin everything.”

“Darling, you need to let go a little. Things don’t fall apart just because your life changes. After all, I had you and that was the best thing in my life.”

It is a conversation they have had over and over again. And Will loves his father with every fibre of his being but they are very different people. Whereas Beau had accepted it every time things had changed, Will doesn’t think he is able to.

“How is your work going?”

“It’s okay. You know, it’s work, but I’ve got some time off coming up. Something you should really consider.”

Will is saved from answering when he sees an elderly couple get on the bus. “Come on, let’s give them our seats.”

“No sweetie, you’re absolutely exhausted. You could do with the rest. And besides, someone else could get up.”

He ignores his father and gets out of his seat. Will only makes it a step before his knees buckle and he blacks out.

Will wakes in the ER with his dad holding onto his hand for dear life. “You frightened the living daylights out of me.”

“I’m sorry. I guess I just got too tired.”

“They’re running some tests. Took far too much blood for my liking.”

He rolls his eyes, not surprised that his father is worrying so much. Will is sure that he just needs a day off, and may also have neglected to have enough food; certain that the blood tests will say the same thing. “Did you tell them about my headaches?”

“I mentioned it. Hopefully you won’t need a CT or MRI.” Beau looks so distraught and Will knows it’s partly the fear of medical costs for anything more serious and invasive. Because Will has been working with one of his employers for a decent amount of time, he isn’t too worried about the coverage as his health insurance is okay. But he knows that his co-pays are going to be a challenge without additional work.

The curtain is pushed aside and a beta doctor strides in. “Mystery solved. Dizzy spells, tiredness and headaches. Congratulations, Mr Graham, you’re pregnant.”

Both Will and his father burst into laughter. “Good one, Doctor. Pull the other one.”

“I’m serious.”

“That’s impossible.” Will says after a moment, when he realizes that the man is serious.

“All birth control has a failure rate.”

“You misunderstand. It’s impossible; I’m a virgin.”

“If you need to speak without your father present, that can be arranged.”

His father bristles. “Look, if my son says he’s a virgin, then he is.”

The doctor looks very uncomfortable. “Sir.”

“I know what you’re thinking, *sir*, but my son has taken a vow. And he has kept to that vow.”

“That’s correct.” Will adds. He looks at the flustered man. “Is it possible that there’s been a mistake? A mixup between my sample and someone else’s?”

“You could do a stick test here and now.” The doctor says and hands Will a specimen cup from one of the cabinets. Will gulps down some of the water from his bottle and reluctantly goes into the patient bathroom.

Once he has managed to fill the cup and clean himself up, he hands it to the doctor, a little embarrassed that it's still warm. The doctor seems completely unbothered. He takes out a dip test from the cupboard and then in front of them, dips it into the cup. Almost immediately the end of the strip turns pink.

“Pink for pregnant.”

“I thought tests took longer for a result.” Will says.

“Not the tests we have here.”

Will only hums in answer. It feels like his entire world has shifted. The whole reason he had avoided sex his entire life is so that he wouldn't end up like his father, a single parent with no scar on his neck. It seems life has other ideas.

“How is this possible?”

“Are you sure that nothing happened during your last heat? Or has anything else happened between then and now?”

“The only thing was a routine cervical screening.” Will knows that the color drains from his face. “I think I need to talk to Dr Bloom.”

“Do you want to do that here?”

“No. I think I need to be at home for this.”

The doctor nods. “Well, I suppose all I can say is that if you need any advice on options there are a number of places you can go.”

Will nods, he feels completely numb. His father hasn't said a word since Will had come back from the bathroom. It feels like they both have a lot to process.

They make it back to their apartment and Will looks around and wonders how a child could fit into the space. He supposes that in the first year or so, the baby would sleep in the same room as him.

They make it back just in time to call Dr Bloom before her office closes. When Will tells her about the positive pregnancy test and asks how that could possibly have happened, she only tells him to come to the clinic the very next day.

Will still feels completely unmoored. He gets a text from Matthew, telling him that he's finished dinner and that he has tomorrow evening off. Will shakes his head, he can't let his life be derailed by this situation. He has a plan after all.

Matthew invites him for dinner the next evening and Will agrees, knowing that he needs a friendly face after whatever might happen after seeing Dr Bloom. His father sinks down into the sofa and Will needs the comfort so he sinks down next to him. Immediately Beau pulls Will into his lap and gentles him with sure fingers in the glands at the back of his neck.

His father's soothing purr fills the room. "I know you're telling the truth. We'll get through this. And even if you hadn't, we would get through this."

"I'm sorry, Dad," Will says into the fabric of his father's shirt. Tears are stinging in the corner of his eyes

"Nothing to be sorry for. Like I said, we'll get through this."

Will feels his heart rate begin to slow at the smooth petting motion of his father's hand. He feels so fortunate to have a father like Beau. Who is able to adjust to almost anything like it doesn't mean anything. Where Will feels like he is about to spin out of control because surely this means everything will change. Even though everything seemed to be going so well. "I'd better get my shift covered."

"You can do that in the morning. You just concentrate on not freaking out too much."

Will nods and lets himself listen to the purr and lets it lull him under.

The next day Will finds himself at the OB-GYN again, with his father by his side. Dr Bloom opens the door to her office. She looks completely guilt-ridden and Will suddenly feels furious, even in spite of her obvious distress. He realizes then that she was the one that had ruined everything for him. Beau puts a hand on his nape and squeezes gently, instantly Will feels a little calmer, even though he doesn't want to. He wants to feel the rage because he feels like he can.

He sits at the desk in front of her. She looks at her hands before she looks at him directly. "Why am I pregnant?"

"What happened is that on that morning I had a cervical screening in room 201 and an insemination in room 202. You may remember that when you saw me I was quite upset. When the nurse handed me the prepared tray, I misheard her. I was too busy trying to control myself."

Will scoffs. "So you accidentally artificially inseminated me?"

She nods, tears filling her eyes. "The evening before I had discovered my wife in bed with her assistant. And after I realized, I thought that nothing would happen. It is unusual for an male omega to fall pregnant outside of their heat, unless there is a strong compatibility."

"That doesn't make it any better." Will bristles. "You should have gotten cover or something."

"I know. And I am so sorry."

“That doesn’t undo this at all.”

“No, but the father has volunteered to cover any costs.”

“You spoke about me to someone else?” Next to Will, Beau seems to be getting angry too.

“The sample belonged to a friend of mine. His wife had the sample unfrozen.”

Will doesn’t say anything. He isn’t sure what she is expecting him to do.

“I just want you to know the father has said that he completely accepts any choice that you may make. If you are willing, he would like to meet with you once you have made a decision.”

“Okay.”

“Dr Bloom. I appreciate you are trying to make this easier on Will, but his life is going to be affected by this. Whatever he chooses to do, there are still ramifications.”

“I know. And again, I am so sorry. Please let me know if there is anything I can do.”

Will feels so numb that he doesn’t know if there is anything else he can say. Part of him wants to cry because this is such a drastic thing that has happened to him, on the other hand he also wants to shout at the woman in front of him for fucking with his life so cavalierly.

“Right. Well I guess I’ll be in contact about this.”

Dr Bloom nods and then Will gently takes his father’s hand and leads him out of the room, sensing that Beau is about to say something rude to the woman. There is one thing that has been constant in Will’s life, that Beau is his fiercest protector and would go through fire for him.

They head back to their home and when they are once again sat on the sofa together, Beau turns to him.

“I’m going to say something and don’t think this means that I regret anything I’ve ever done in my life when it comes to you. If you want to have an abortion, no matter how disappointed the father might be, you can do so. And I will be there in any capacity that you need.” He pauses. “I never even considered it with you, but I think it helps knowing you have the option.”

“Thanks, Dad.” Will says, his voice thick with tears. He has never doubted how much his father has given up for him, and how much he loves Will. Even when they were struggling to make ends meet, especially because Beau is a single omega parent. “That means a lot.”

“I know, baby.” Beau says and once again he pulls Will close and gentles him. It reminds Will so much of being small and being entirely enveloped in his father’s arms and scent. The man has always smelled like the ocean breeze to him. That is one thing Will hates about Baltimore, how busy the shore is, and that the beaches are not directly on the ocean.

Will knocks at Matthew's door. Even after courting for a year he still doesn't have a key. Will likes it like that, a little distance before they take the next step. He had been invited to his home for a dinner date. Both are trying to save as much money as possible to make it easier to buy a house together. By Will's calculations that should be happening within two years, especially with Matthew's increased pay once he's a nurse practitioner.

Matthew opens the door and scents Will briefly before kissing him deeply. Will melts into the kiss, he still hasn't gotten quite used to the feeling. He enjoys it though and kisses back, pushing Matthew backwards until they are both inside his apartment. Will still feels self-conscious about other people seeing him like this. Doesn't want to be seen as some omega who is throwing themselves at the next available alpha. He doesn't begrudge anyone that does, but at the same time he is so aware of what his father had to go through that he doesn't want to repeat that.

He is led into the dining room and Will's heart is warmed by the dinner Matthew has prepared for them, Chinese from their favorite restaurant and lit candles. "Matthew, this is perfect."

"I got the exact same food we had on our first date."

Will hates that he is slowly becoming more hormonal because tears are already beading in his eyes. "I can't believe you remembered."

"I remember everything."

Matthew passes him a glass of sparkling wine and Will almost takes a sip before he remembers, he still hasn't decided what he is going to do but just in case he doesn't want to risk anything. "I still have to drive back." He says carefully. Will had borrowed his father's old beaten up Volvo for tonight.

"Sure." Will loves that about Matthew, that he is so easy-going and is able to handle him even when Will is stressed out of his head.

Matthew presses another kiss to his lips and before Will is able to pull out his chair he kneels down. Horror fills Will, this is coming at the worst possible time. It's outside his timeline, and he doesn't know what Matthew is going to say when he finds out. His heart is beating a mile a minute.

"Will, I know this is way before your calendar allows. But I don't want to wait anymore. You're it for me. And I knew it from the moment I met you. There is little I wouldn't do to make you happy every single day. So will you marry and bond me?" He pulls out a ring box with a beautifully simple ring that Will would have loved in another moment.

Will doesn't know what to say, so instead he blurts out, "Matthew, I'm pregnant."

The box is snapped shut with a resounding clack, and Will feels so guilty. "What do you mean you're pregnant? You won't even let me touch you like that."

“Well it’s kind of a funny story. Not right now of course, but it will be funny.” Matthew stands and then sits at the table, his head in his hands. “When I went to the gynecologist for my screening the doctor accidentally artificially inseminated me, because she mistook the room.”

“How is this funny?”

Will sighs, this isn’t going how he expected. “Maybe it can be funny one day. Immaculate conception and all that.”

“You’re obviously extremely compatible with whoever this is.” Matthew is glaring at him in a way that is so stereotypically alphan that Will almost wants to demure. Instead he looks directly back at Matthew. “I mean how else would you have gotten pregnant outside of heat.”

“I don’t know, Matthew. All I’m looking for is a little support, I don’t know what to do and I need my best friend.”

“Well, it’s simple.”

“Oh?”

“You’re getting rid of it. There is no way I’m raising some other man’s bastard. You are having that thing removed from your body.”

Will is shocked by the vitriol. “I just wanted to have an honest discussion with you. You’re making that impossible.”

“I should have known that you were all talk. Spread your legs for someone else, didn’t you?”

Will is furious. “How fucking dare you? I did no such thing. If you can’t believe me then why the fuck are you even considering bonding with me?”

“Because it’s obviously a lie that you were artificially inseminated. I mean, what kind of doctor would do that?”

“Believe me, I was as shocked as you. But this isn’t my fault. This happened to me.” Will steels himself. “And if you’re going to be like that, I’m going home. Don’t bother contacting me until you’ve calmed down. Because the way you’re acting in this moment isn’t the man I fell in love with.”

Will turns on his heel and leaves the building. Only when he is safely within the confines of the car does he let himself sob, certain that this is the end of their courtship. And in spite of all the precautions he had taken, Will is going to be pregnant with an unmarked neck.

In that moment he knows that there is no way he is going to have an abortion. At least not until he has met the baby’s father and found out what kind of person he is.

Will recognizes the address as soon as Dr Bloom gives it to him, it's the restaurant where he works in the evenings. He curses his own luck that it means that he might have gotten pregnant by someone he works with. Or maybe the father just wants to meet him on neutral territory. He wonders who it might be, not sure who out of his coworkers would be trying artificial insemination.

He enters through the staff entrance as he's used to, surprised that the kitchen is empty. That is very unusual and for a moment he is concerned that there's something else going on. Perhaps the manager was the father; someone Will did not like at all. Chilton makes his skin crawl and Will doubts that they would be compatible enough for a pregnancy outside of heat. That is perhaps the only person working here who might have enough funds to be able to pay for artificial insemination.

He makes his way to the office to face the music, fearing that it is indeed going to be Chilton but the figure there surprises him. He recognizes the face, of course. In fact, Will is certain that it had been at his job at a country club some years ago that he had kissed the man. He can't help himself; he inhales deeply and the scent that hits him overwhelms him completely. Just as it had done all those years ago but now there is the additional element of pregnancy hormones to contend with.

The alpha— *not his alpha* —he has to remind himself, stands from his seat and smiles at Will. There is something dangerous about him, and that thrills Will. He is the owner of the restaurant, and indeed a whole string of restaurants on the East Coast. Hannibal Lecter, an immigrant to the country had made a success of himself bringing fine dining to the average American; the definition of the American Dream. Will tries not to whimper. it isn't fair that the man is so attractive it's making him feel a little faint.

"Mr Graham. A pleasure to make your acquaintance." His voice is lightly accented and it curls around the consonants and vowels in a way that feels far too intimate.

"Hannibal Lecter." Will inhales again, greedy for the scent. "It's Will, please. Mr Graham is my dad. And we've met before."

Hannibal cocks his head and for a moment Will thinks about a predator sizing up its next meal. "Have we? My apologies. I meet so many people that a face, even as singular as yours, escapes me."

"A few years ago. At the club."

He smiles. "Now I remember. Did you ever apply for that program?"

Will hangs his head in shame. "No. Teaching is the best option for omegas in terms of job flexibility."

"Ah, yes. Sometimes I think for all its advancements, this country does rather have it backwards at times."

He finds himself nodding along. "I guess we should talk about the elephant in the room."

“Yes.” Hannibal’s face takes on a serious note, that makes Will feel like he is truly being listened to. “I am more than happy to cover all and every medical bill that may come up.”

“Right.”

“Whatever choice that may be. Believe me, Will, when I say this is completely your decision. And I will respect that. So if the bill is an abortion, then I will cover it. Including any time off you may need to recover.”

Will swallows, that is the kindest offer he has had thus far and it makes him feel a little more at ease. Beau had been understanding and kind but Hannibal is being so different to Matthew, offering complete understanding. Especially considering that Will is carrying Hannibal’s child.

“If you want to carry this baby to term, then no matter what custody relationship may exist I will be fully committed to providing for my child.”

“I grew up with a single omega father. I would prefer the baby to go with someone with two parents.”

“My wife should have been inseminated, he had the sample unfrozen.”

“That makes it sound like it was the only sample.”

“A few years ago, I was diagnosed with cancer. The treatment saved my life but also robbed me of the ability to have my own children.”

Hurt pangs through Will at that. He can’t imagine the fact that someone like Hannibal would be unable to father children. Everything about him screams prime alpha.

“I’m glad you are still here.” Will considers everything. He isn’t sure what he wants to do and he wants to talk to Beau. “You’ve given me a lot to think about.”

“I know. And I apologize for that. This never should have happened to you.”

“Right.” Will feels a little awkward. Part of him, and he hopes it is the hormonal part, wants to wrap his arms around the alpha and attempt to comfort him. “Well, it happened. No use crying over spilt milk, as my dad always used to say.”

“Yes. Precisely.” Hannibal looks thoughtful for a second. “I’ve asked Chilton to give you a few days off at full pay to make some decisions on the way forward.”

Hannibal hands him a business card. Their hands brush for a fraction of a second and it feels like a spark. “If you want any more information or want to talk to someone please do call me. My time is completely open to you.”

Will nods, not entirely trusting his ability to talk around the lump in his throat.

“I will be seeing you, I’m sure,” Hannibal says. He stands from his seat and leads Will out of the building with a hand in the small of his back. The touch seems to burn through the fabric

of his shirt, and even when Hannibal removes his hand, it's like Will can still feel it there.

As soon as he is outside the building and Hannibal is out of earshot, he breathes in deeply. Hannibal's scent up close had been overwhelming and being able to scent clear air makes him feel a little better. More able to make a decision without hormones clouding his mental faculties.

Will hurries to the bus stop to return home. He knows he will be alone for a few hours before Beau comes home, and he could do with the time to make a list.

Beau finds him sitting in his bedroom surrounded with sheets of paper and post-it notes. The calendar that had lived above his bed right in the middle of it all.

"I see you've been planning."

"Yes." Will smiles at his father, pleased to see him. Beau looks exhausted, Will can see it in his eyes but he enters Will's room and sits down next to him.

"So, walk me through it." It's clear that he's confused by the order Will has created out of his chaos.

"Well, I think Matthew will only stay with me if I have an abortion. Or if I opt for a closed adoption." Will considers this. "It is the option that would mean the least amount of disruption of my life. If we estimate that I am due in around eight and a half to nine months then that's right at the end of the semester. Which means I can still graduate and start teaching in the fall."

"Breathe, hon." Beau says as soon as Will is finished and rubs soothing circles on his back.

"Maybe I just want to pretend this isn't happening to me. That it hasn't completely derailed my life." Will inhales at Beau's stern look. "And the father said he is okay if I have an abortion. But it makes me feel guilty because this is his only sample."

"Only sample?"

"He had cancer, it was a whole thing." Will considers. "But he is married and so if I give them the baby that would mean that the kid has two parents."

"Should I be offended?"

"No, of course not. But I think both of our lives would have been easier in a two-parent household."

"You're right there."

"I wouldn't change my life for anything. But I wish you didn't have to work so hard just to survive."

"I know, baby," Beau says and pulls him close. "That sounds like you almost have your mind made up?"

“Maybe? I'm just afraid that if Matthew decides that not even a closed adoption is good enough, then I'm right back where I started. And for what? I decided to be a virgin so that I wouldn't be a single parent. And look at me, I'm going to give birth without ever having had sex.”

“Seems like cosmic irony,” his dad says, and it comforts Will. Maybe it will be okay.

“I think I have to meet his wife. Get a sense of what she's like.”

“That sounds good, hon.” Beau presses a kiss against his temple. “Let Matthew cool off a little. Alphas like him are quick to anger for stupid reasons.”

“I'd be happy not to see him again.”

“I know, but give it time.”

“Will you come with me tomorrow?”

“What are you doing tomorrow?”

“I have to have the official doctor's appointment to say I'm pregnant.”

“I can probably swing it. Put the time in my calendar?”

“Of course,” Will says as he's already using his phone to add it to their shared calendar. His dad chuckles.

“Quick as a whippet.” He looks at the time. “Yeah I can make it. I assume you'll be off to the restaurant afterwards?”

“Hannibal gave me some time off. Which reminds me that I need to ask him for his wife's number.”

“You do that, hon. I'll go make some dinner.”

“Right.” Will is already distracted trying to come up with a text to send to Hannibal. It feels strange to be texting the head of a chain of restaurants. But he supposes that he ought to get used to this.

Hannibal answers almost immediately with his wife's name, Bedelia, and her phone number. He assures Will that she will be expecting his call.

Will is roused from his plans a little while later with the familiar smell of his favorite dish cooking. With a smile he goes into their tiny kitchen to help his dad set up.

Bedelia had agreed to a meeting almost as soon as he had asked, offering to take him out to lunch. Will briefly wonders if the baby will end up spoiled because of the family's obvious

wealth. He hopes at least that even if it's a closed adoption, Hannibal might listen to a few requests.

Hannibal's wife is not what he was expecting. She is a petite woman who smiles as soon as she sees Will. The smile doesn't reach her eyes, and for a moment Will is afraid that she hates children. That is until she opens up about the fact that she was ready for children. The business had finally settled down enough that the plans they had made before Hannibal's diagnosis were ready to pick up again.

"I just want you to know that if you let us raise the child that it will be loved every single second," she says to him, and the strength of her conviction is so sure.

"I will consider giving this baby away, but I want it to go to a two-parent household."

"Of course." There is something in her voice that he can't quite identify. Like it isn't quite the truth but Will can see no evidence to doubt Bedelia and her marriage to Hannibal.

"I grew up with a single parent. And I know how hard it can be. Don't get me wrong, like you said, I was loved every single second. But there was no one to help my dad when he needed a break."

"I understand. It can be difficult when you have no support." She hesitates. "I would be remiss if I didn't say, we would be happy to consider an open adoption."

That throws Will a little. "Okay," he says slowly.

"I am a therapist, and I know that it is going to be so difficult for you as the birthing parent to let go completely with no contact, especially when you are based in the same location as the adoptive parents."

"It wasn't something I had considered."

"A jealous partner?"

"That's about it." Will considers the beta in front of him. "In truth he thinks I slept with your husband. Even though I told him that I still hadn't slept with anyone."

"Anyone?" She looks impressed.

"Yeah. It was a promise I made my dad many years ago. Not until I was bonded and married."

"Seems like the universe is playing a trick on you."

"Yeah. It really is." Will swallows around the lump in his throat. "Look, the most important thing to me is that I want this baby to grow up with two parents who love each other completely."

"Of course. And let me assure you that definitely applies to the two of us." Again Will has the sense that that might not be entirely true. But he wants to believe her so much that he

ignores it. After all, he wants to get on with his life again.

“I have an appointment for the first scan in four weeks, now that the pregnancy has officially been diagnosed. If I haven’t made a different decision by then I would be grateful if you both came.”

“We will be there.”

Will doesn’t hear from Matthew for two weeks. The entire time it feels like his stomach is in knots because of it. That is until towards the end of the second week the smell of coffee makes him puke his guts out without fail every morning. The second time it happens, his father apologizes and stops drinking coffee in the house. He also gives Will some anti-nausea bracelets that help a little.

Beverly, when she finds out, is absolutely thrilled and christens him “Our Lady of Sorrows” whenever she talks to him. He doesn’t mind it from Beverly because he knows the moment that he tells her to stop, she will. One break from work finds them outside on the bench, as always, eating their lunch and chatting.

“Have you decided yet?”

“No,” Will says. He hates that the decision is still hanging over him but he still hasn’t heard anything from Matthew.

“You need to talk to Matthew.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re still pinning your life plan on him.” Beverly looks at him dead on and he tries to look away but she doesn’t let him. “You settled for him because he seemed safe and had goals and ambition. So with him being an asshole, it throws everything out the window.”

He grunts as ambiguously as he can.

“Don’t bullshit me, Graham. Your five-year plan is the same, except that you’re taking two weeks off after the planned birth for work and then you’ll be starting at the school. And you’ll be looking at renting a place with Matthew.”

“Yeah.”

“So what happens if Matthew wants nothing to do with you?”

“I don’t know.”

“And you’re fucking miserable when you don’t know the answer to something. So as soon as you do, that will help alleviate some of your worry.”

“But if I give the baby to Hannibal and Bedelia, it will be out of my life.”

“Maybe. You haven’t even decided if you will give them the baby.”

“I have to, don’t I?”

“Do you?” Beverly takes a sip of her soda. “Or do you just think kids have to have two parents? Didn’t your dad love you with every fibre of his being? Besides, you’ll be a teacher. You’re older than he was. You’ll have a proper career.”

“I know, but I worry so much.”

“I know you do. Why don’t you speak to Matthew in between this shift and your next job. Then I would get to know Hannibal a little more. It seemed to me your conversation was very business-like. But your lunch with Bedelia was better. You’ll want to get to know them if you want to give them the baby. To see if you’ll be able to cope with that.”

“You’re right. As usual. I really wish you didn’t make so much sense.”

“What can I say, I’m an older sibling. It’s my job to be right.”

He laughs, and it feels like the first time in ages that he has properly laughed.

“Right. We better get back inside before Chilton decides to dock our pay.” She looks at him. “Though I guess your baby-daddy won’t let that happen. At least not to you. Us mere mortals however...”

Will shakes his head laughing. “I will plead your case. As my emotional support animal.”

She cries with laughter as she tosses her trash. “How you wound me.”

Matthew has seen his text but not answered it and it’s making Will feel even more adrift. But he tries to calm himself with the fact that he is probably on a long shift and only has time to quickly glance at his phone. So Will texts Hannibal and asks to meet him for lunch. It seems only fair that he gives Hannibal the same chance he gave Bedelia. While he can understand the love from an omega or mother, having known it from his dad, paternal love seems so foreign for him. He wants to know what kind of a father Hannibal will be.

The next day he still hasn’t heard anything from Matthew but he does have an invitation to one of Hannibal’s other restaurants. This one is a lot nicer than the one Will works at, so he dresses up. He ignores the voice in his head that sounds remarkably like Beverly that is telling him he is trying to impress his alpha. He knows that even though they’re compatible, that doesn’t mean anything. After all, Hannibal seems to be happily married and Will is hopefully still being courted.

When he’s led to the table, he takes a deep breath to steel himself but that ends up being a mistake because Hannibal, impossibly, smells even better than before. Like Matthew, he makes Will safe but there is an edge to it that makes Will want to drop down and roll in it. It promises something dark and passionate that makes him feel almost a little like he’s in pre-heat.

Hannibal inhales and then smiles.

“Did you just smell me?”

“Seemed only fair.” Will blushes, he should have known he was that obvious. “There is no mistaking that you’re pregnant now.”

“Oh?”

“Yes. It’s a very distinct smell. When I was still practicing it was one I became accustomed to.”

“You were a doctor?”

“Yes. In my home country and then France, before joining a hospital here. After I killed someone, or more accurately was unable to save someone, I transferred my skills into cooking.”

“Impressive,” Will says as Hannibal takes out the chair for him to sit. Will can feel the heat radiating off of Hannibal and he wonders briefly what it would be like to have that on top of him. He tries to edge his thoughts into a different direction. He assumes it's just pregnancy hormones that are making him like this.

“Tell me a little about yourself. Last time we spoke you were going to think about joining a writing program. What happened to being brave?”

“Bravery doesn’t pay the bills. And Baltimore is expensive to live in, even though I fell in love with it. Besides, there is a gender bias in writing.”

“Ah yes. Most unfortunate. But if I recall correctly, you're smart as a whip, so if someone is able to sell a book it would be you.”

Will sighs. “I prefer knowing what is coming.”

“So this pregnancy has thrown a spanner in the works.”

“It completely has,” Will says with a laugh. “My dad would say that it is proof that plans will always go awry. But up until now, plans have kept me sane.”

“You crave control.”

“I thought your wife was a therapist and not you.”

“I’ve dabbled. And if I have offended, please accept my apologies. Which I imagine you will be doing quite a lot as I’ve never been in this situation.”

“Not in the habit of impregnating virgins.”

Hannibal chortles and then sobers. “Not usually, no. But Bedelia alluded as much to me. Are you religious?”

Will chuckles, it is the question he is asked most often. “Not particularly. Dad and I go to church for Easter and Christmas but anything more seems like too much. But I think we just go because it seems that’s the done thing.”

A waiter approaches them and Hannibal orders for him with a slight nod from Will. It is strange, anyone else would never order for him. But Hannibal seems to take charge wherever he goes. And he is an expert on restaurants so he should be able to pick out something good.

Will continues as soon as the waiter is out of earshot, “The decision was a practical one. My dad, as you probably have gathered, is a single omega parent. While he loved me, life was hard. And I never wanted to live like that.”

He briefly touches his stomach. “Looks like I wasn’t able to avoid it though.”

“No. But it seems to me that you’re at a different life stage to your father. You are the beginning of what I assume will be a stable career, not a teenager who has their whole life in front of him. Why not enjoy carnal pleasure?”

“You enjoy pleasure.”

“I’ve been referred to as a hedonist. I know what I like and feel no shame about it.”

“Must be nice.”

“I imagine some of that comes from my gender. But some I believe comes from growing up in Europe raised by my uncle.”

“An unusual family setting.”

“Yes. I was orphaned. But my uncle and his wife were good substitutes.” Hannibal pauses as their waiter pours them both a glass of water. “What kind of a father would you be?”

“I’d be a good one.” He says resolutely. Will knows that he would love any child with each heartbeat and try to ensure that it was well-looked after.

“Me too.”

Will believes him. “I think you would too.”

“I already was.”

“You lost a child.”

“In truth, she wasn’t mine. My much younger sister, I doted on her and looked after her when our parents were absent. But she died along with my parents.”

“I’m sorry.” Will feels like he has misstepped somewhere along the way. Hannibal must be so worried that his only sample has ended up in Will’s body and not in the presumably much better suited body of his wife.

“It is in the past. We can only move forward and create a better world for our children.”

Somehow Will thinks he is referring to their children together and not making a generalisation. It thrills Will a little in a way that he can't or doesn't want to explain to himself, to think of the two of them having more than the baby that is growing inside of Will.

“That seems like an admirable goal. I suppose I am too concerned with not making the same mistakes as others have in the past.”

“But they are not your mistakes. You'll make your own mistakes and that's how we learn how to be better people.”

“How did Bedelia and you meet?”

“She was going to be my therapist. And before you give me any scandalised looks, I spoke to her as a patient once before we noticed the attraction. Then she referred me onwards to a colleague. She married me halfway through my cancer treatment, telling me that she didn't care what happened to me. She just had to make sure we were married.”

Will hums. It certainly paints the picture of a loving couple. “That's good. Many people would have run at a diagnosis like that.”

“They would have. But Bedelia is determined and doesn't let anything get in her way.”

“Should I be concerned?”

“Of course not. She is gracious and knows that what happened had odds that were so small that you had no role in this.”

“I still haven't made a choice.”

“I know. And like I said before, I am open to anything you decide.” Hannibal takes a sip of his drink. “We could always socialize like adults, we might even become friendly.”

Will smiles into his own drink. He doesn't want to be just friends with Hannibal and his jealousy of Bedelia frightens him. But he will take what he is given. After all, it might be that as soon as the pregnancy is over, that they are able to be friends as adults. Maybe Will could be an uncle to the child, not knowing the specifics of its own parentage.

The waiter brings out the food and Will is slightly surprised that it seems like something simple. “I thought this was going to be the usual fare for your restaurants.”

“This one is focussed on recreating the comfort foods that we all know and love but elevating them with the best ingredients and adding a slight twist.” He smiles. “Try it, please, and let me know whether it suits your sensibilities.”

Will laughs and tucks into the food. “It's delicious. Just what I needed.”

Hannibal looks pleased. “Next time you have to let me cook for you. I have always wanted to try my hand at Cajun cuisine.”

“You’ll have to be careful, it packs a punch.”

“Sometimes, something different is just what the doctor ordered.”

“Is that your expert advice?”

“Of course.” Hannibal smiles again, and Will wants to see that smile as often as possible. Somehow he can’t imagine Bedelia and Hannibal having lasted this long. They don’t seem like they should work.

Halfway through the meal Will’s stomach rebels. He curses because he’s enjoying the food but the nausea will not abate even as he chugs water.

Will bolts out of his chair and towards the toilets. He rushes inside, relieved to see that he’s alone and then he crashes into one of the stalls and vomits. Tears are streaming down his face as he sinks down onto the floor next to the bowl. He chuckles wryly.

The door opens and Will considers getting up and closing the cubicle door but another wave of nausea washes over him and he retches into the bowl. A cool hand touches the nape of his neck and Will can tell it’s Hannibal from the spark that he feels. The touch is comforting. He is handed napkins and he cleans the tears from his face.

Will can’t look at Hannibal yet and flushes the toilet keeping his head down as he wipes at his eyes and mouth.

“Morning sickness?”

“The name is misleading.”

“So I’ve heard. Nothing to worry about though. Unless you’re like that all day?”

“No, it’s usually confined to the morning or if I smell coffee.” Will can’t help the tears that well up in his eyes. “I really miss coffee.”

Hannibal only hums, like he has figured something out for himself. “I know a certain amount of caffeine is acceptable in pregnancy. Maybe a black tea would do the trick?”

“I should try that.”

Hannibal helps him to his feet and then brushes away a stray tear from his cheek. This close, Will notices for the first time how beautiful the man actually is. His eyes are warm and filled with a soft amusement that feels like a warm hug and not mocking. Will suddenly has the thought of a small child toddling along with Hannibal’s eyes. Laughter lines bisect his face and it makes him look like a man who spends a lot of time enjoying things. Will resists the urge to trace over his face. He licks his lips and he is sure that Hannibal follows the action with his eyes.

“I’ve brought you some gum. And asked the waiter to bring you some mint and ginger tea. Hopefully that will quell some nausea. And get some fluids back into you.”

Will nods weakly, he is exhausted and he knows he has to go to work. “Are you still licensed as a doctor?”

“Yes,” Hannibal says slowly. “I’m not prescribing you any anti-emetics, if that is what you’re after.”

Will laughs. “I was more hoping for a sick note for my shift in an hour.”

“I can write you a note and you can email it across while I drive you home so you can rest up.”

“Thanks. Usually I’m fine but all the forums weren’t joking about the fact that you’re exhausted in the first trimester.”

“Even some forums have a grain of truth to them.” Hannibal pauses and Will thinks he knows what Hannibal is about to say next. “If you need to quit one of your jobs while you’re pregnant, I’m more than happy to help out.”

“I appreciate that, Hannibal, but I have to know that I worked for everything I have. Besides, this job is for the teaching program. So it’ll help with my employment in the fall.”

“Drop being a waiter then.”

Will chuckles. “I have a little PTO accrued so I can take a week off. That will get me over the worst of this.”

Hannibal doesn’t seem convinced but he watches Will as he washes his hands and then swills his mouth out with water to get rid of the acidic taste. He feels somehow like this may have been the worst first date he has ever been on. Surely Hannibal is going to ask him to never interact with him ever again and just hand them the baby, cursing the fact that it was Will and not Bedelia who was pregnant with his baby.

“Let’s get you home.” Hannibal says as they walk out of the bathroom. “I’ll ask one of the staff to put the tea in a cup for you.”

“You have something as pedestrian as takeaway cups?”

“Of course. We have the best coffee in Baltimore and I would be remiss if I didn’t give everyone the opportunity to have some.”

The waiter notices them and brings the tea over along with a bottle of water. Hannibal thanks the man and then leads Will to the garage.

Will feels like he is going to ruin the car as soon as he sees it. It’s a Bentley, and Will knows all too well how much the car costs because his father has serviced a few of them. “I’m going to spill something and ruin your detailing.”

“I imagine there is a possibility that various stains will follow”—Hannibal chuckles—“if you decide to keep the baby.”

“Right. And car seats fit into a Bentley?”

“If they do not then it is no longer of use to me and I will get a different vehicle.”

It's comforting to Will that although the man seems too prim and proper, he is willing to make sacrifices for a child. And he seemed to have had no issue with Will vomiting in that wonderful bathroom.

He gets into the car and Hannibal's scent is completely overwhelming. It's clear that Bedelia spends almost no time in the car as her already weak scent is barely distinguishable amongst Hannibal's.

Will feels damp with sweat and he wants to blame his pregnancy hormones but he remembers what it had been like kissing Hannibal all those years ago. That same sense of yearning and the way his body had broken into a sweat when they were in close proximity.

“Do you want to open a window?”

“Thanks,” Will says and presses the button as soon as the engine purrs to life. The cold air also helps with the nausea as he sips at the tea.

“I'm going to have to remember the combination of ginger and mint. It's really helping.”

“I'm glad. If it stops working or you're vomiting a lot, please go see a doctor. And don't worry about the cost because I will cover it.”

“Thanks, Hannibal,” Will murmurs. He feels half asleep. Something is worrying him but the rumble of the engine lulls him into a weird trance that he can't quite shake.

After a while Hannibal asks, “Are you aware you're purring?”

Will hadn't noticed and the moment he does, it stops. “Sorry. I'm really going through it at the moment. Who would have thought that even so soon after being pregnant, hormones would be running so rampant.”

“It's completely normal.” Hannibal chuckles. “It just means your body is doing what it should to grow the baby as healthily as possible.”

“It's very annoying at the moment. Surely there can be no good reason for hormones making you feel ill.”

“No reason has been found thus far, so we may never know.” Hannibal pauses. “Research into maternal health has been severely lacking this entire time.”

Will hums. They are nearly at his house and part of Will doesn't want to get out of the car but he also needs space to work through what is going on.

Hannibal pulls into Will's driveway and Will can see a figure standing in the doorway. He gets out of the car and recognizes Matthew who turns the moment the door opens.

“Looks like the little slut couldn’t even wait five minutes before running and hiding with their sugar daddy.” Matthew almost snarls, when Will glances around he sees Hannibal getting out of his car. “And here’s me thinking we might have been able to talk like adults. I guess that is impossible.”

“Matthew, we just had lunch. I got ill and Hannibal drove me home. Nothing more than that.”

“Why do you smell like satisfaction then?”

“I don’t know, Matthew. I’m all over the map at the moment.” Will is furious. “The lunch was about finding out whether I will give this baby to them. Because like it or not; I’m not having an abortion.”

Hannibal inhales sharply. Will has only just come to the realisation that he can’t have an abortion. If this is Hannibal’s last chance of having kids, then that’s the last thing he wants to do.

“You are going to have to live with that, because this is happening. But I won’t do this with you if you’re going to be such a dick about it.”

“Let me assure you that Will is speaking the complete truth. Nothing more than a conversation and lunch happened,” Hannibal says calmly next to him.

“You would say that, wouldn’t you.” Matthew is squaring himself up to Hannibal as he slowly approaches. And Will doesn’t really think that Matthew’s chances are particularly good at that moment. “Can’t believe Will wouldn’t open his legs for me but he does for you? What do you do? Pay him? Here.” Matthew opens his wallet and throws out a wad of bills.

“Fucking hell. You really don’t know me, do you?” Will is seething. He cannot believe that he trusted Matthew, thought he was different. “I met Hannibal once briefly three years ago at work. That was it. These past few weeks I have spoken to him twice.” He doesn’t mention the texts they have been exchanging almost daily. “Both times have mostly been about the baby and the next steps.

Matthew bristles again so Will continues, “What happened, has happened. So there is nothing further we can do about it. If you can’t accept that, then you can leave.”

He doesn’t say anything else and just goes. Will’s heart feels like it is breaking into pieces. He turns to Hannibal who has such compassion on his face that it breaks him apart a little more. “Thanks, Hannibal. I’ll let you know about the appointment for the scan. I think I need some time alone.”

“Of course. Let me know if there is anything I can do.”

Will just nods and then unlocks his front door. “Oh, and Will?”

He turns back.

“I’ll email you a note.”

Will smiles even though he can feel the tears welling him up in his eyes. “Thanks.”

As soon as the door shuts behind him and he hears the car pull away he sinks to the floor crying.

Chapter 2

The day of the first scan arrives with little fanfare. Will has felt nauseated every morning but luckily he has only thrown up a few times. Almost like the absence of Matthew had stopped some of the stress he had been feeling which had been making his sickness worse.

Hannibal had let him know that he would be attending. Even though he is giving the baby to Hannibal and Bedelia, somehow he is glad that she won't be there and that this moment will just be between them.

Beau is driving him to the appointment, and Will has butterflies in his stomach the entire time. For a moment Will thinks it might be the baby moving but he knows it is far too early, after all movement is only expected in the second trimester and much later than this. Somehow it feels like being able to see the baby is going to make it real. Even though he is still in two minds about what will happen.

At the office, he sits down in a chair and Beau excuses himself because he has to get to work. Hannibal arrives five minutes later, he looks tense when he enters the waiting room but as soon as he sees Will he breaks into a smile. That shouldn't make him feel as giddy as it does and send the warm feeling through him.

Hannibal sits down next to him. "Sorry I'm so late."

"I've only been here 5 minutes myself."

"Still I feel my apologies are warranted. Afterall it casts the worst impression of me on you."

"I don't think there is anything that you could do that would make me like you less, you know."

Hannibal chuckles and it seems the tension in his entire body is beginning to loosen. "I highly doubt that."

"We shall see."

"Mr Graham?" A voice calls. Will gets to his feet and it is clear Hannibal is desperate to try and help him up.

"I'm not so big that I need help getting out of a chair. Just you wait."

Hannibal chuckles and let's his hands fall to his side. "It's silly, really."

"What is?"

"You smell like me now."

"I do?" Will asks and sniffs at his wrists. Indeed he smells like a combination of Hannibal and himself. Both scents compliment each other so well that it makes Will a little dizzy. The

arousal shouldn't be this intense. He blushes as he feels dampness between his cheeks.

"Not very noticeable to most people I imagine, but I have an exceptionally strong olfactory sense." Will blushes even deeper at that, sure that it means that Hannibal knows that he feels aroused.

He walks into the little room that the call for him had come from.

"Good afternoon, Mr Graham and Mr?"

"Dr Lecter," Hannibal says smoothly and shakes the woman's hand.

"Right. Now I understand this is your first scan, Mr Graham."

"Will, please." It's a phrase Will has said throughout his life. Mr Graham has never felt like it suited him at all.

The woman smiles at him. "Of course. Why don't you hop onto the chair and then lift up your shirt to expose your stomach."

"It's not going to be an internal one?"

"We try to avoid those if we can. But if we're unable to get a picture with an abdominal scan, we may have to try an internal scan."

"That's good." He is a little relieved that all Hannibal will see is his stomach.

He lies down and pulls his shirt up to just beneath his ribcage and his pants down. The technician smiles at him and pulls his trousers down a little further and tucks a towel at his waistband.

"This is going to be cold I'm afraid," she says before squirting the gel onto his stomach. It is indeed cold and he feels his stomach tense. Hannibal makes a sound but Will shoots him a look that seems to stop him.

The technician chuckles. "First time parent?"

"Yes," Hannibal answers.

"I've met many alphas that find this part very difficult. Because you're just beginning to smell pregnant, so they're extra protective of their mates."

"Oh, we're not mated."

"My apologies. I shouldn't have assumed." She looks truly contrite. Even now it is unusual for parents to remain unmated. "You said you were 6 weeks and 4 days along?"

"Yes."

“Well let’s see if we can find the baby today.” She digs the ultrasound wand into his stomach. He hadn’t known that it would be quite this much pressure. Her eyes are mostly focused on the screen rather than Will’s stomach.

A smile breaks out over her face. “Well, will you look at that?” She turns the screen for Hannibal and Will to see. Hannibal approaches him and grasps Will’s hand. He can’t feel a ring anymore is Will’s first thought but then he looks at the screen.

There on the screen is a blob that looks like every first ultrasound picture he has ever seen. He glances at Hannibal and is surprised to see tears in his eyes.

“Do you want to hear the heartbeat?”

Will nods. His own eyes filled with tears. She presses a switch and the sound of thudding fills the room. Tears spill down his cheeks. It sounds so fast but he knows that's normal and to be expected.

“It’s a little fast?” Hannibal asks.

“You’re right, it is a little. Let me just have a look.” She moves the wand along his stomach, and then he sees a second blob. “There we are. Not too fast, just a second one slightly out of sync with its sibling.”

“Twins?”

“Yes. It’s more likely with compatible partners.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal says and he feels completely choked up and shakes her hand.

“I will get these printed for you and a soundbite of the heartbeats too.”

“That would be great.” Will wants to hear that heartbeat always.

She hands him some tissues to clean his stomach and leaves them be.

“You have given me a great gift, Will.”

Will strokes over Hannibal’s cheek and his heart is so warm when he feels Hannibal nuzzle into his palm.

Suddenly all he can think about is what it would be like to kiss Hannibal and before he knows that he is doing it, he leans upwards and presses a quick chaste kiss to his lips. Hannibal freezes and Will feels so guilty.

“Sorry, that was completely inappropriate.”

Hannibal doesn’t say anything so Will just wipes as much of the gel off his stomach so that he can pull his shirt back down and his pants up.

The technician returns and doesn't comment on the tension in the room. She hands Will the stack of pictures and a DVD.

"Well I imagine your OB-GYN will book you in for another scan in due course."

Will nods and leaves the room with Hannibal right behind him. Hannibal had agreed to drive him home. "Are you hungry?" Hannibal asks him.

"Starving, actually."

"I said I would cook for you. If you'd let me?"

"Yeah, of course."

Will knows he shouldn't but he is tired of fighting himself. Hannibal nods and shows Will to his car. He isn't sure what Hannibal is feeling because he still hasn't said anything.

Hannibal drives them to his house. It is, of course, in the nicest part of Baltimore. He thinks about the twins living here and having access to the garden to play. He can't imagine how much he is going to be involved in the babies' lives. One thing he does know now, is after having heard the babies' heartbeats, a closed adoption is not going to work for him. He has to be a part of his children's lives.

The inside of Hannibal's house is unsurprisingly well-decorated, although there are quite a lot of horns used as display pieces.

"You're going to have to remove some of these."

Hannibal laughs and it makes Will feel better. Glad that they are still able to be friendly with each other. "I imagine once they're crawling I'll be baby-proofing a lot."

He takes Will's jacket off of him and hangs it in a closet in the hallway then he beckons for Will to follow him through the house.

"It is a beautiful house, though. Even if it isn't exactly baby-proof."

"Thank you. Bedelia was good at making sure that my vision was executed throughout the house."

The kitchen could be used as a restaurant, and Will is almost certain that the stove is the same as the one in the restaurant that he works at. "You must really like cooking."

"Yes. It is the only thing that makes me feel better at the end of the day sometimes."

"Even though you work in restaurants?"

"I have so little to do with actual cooking that I miss it during the day. I have to trust that my staff know what they are doing."

Will nods. "Can I help?"

“I would be very grateful for your help.”

He hands Will a chopping board and a knife. He puts washed vegetables from the sink onto the board. “If you could dice these vegetables, please.”

Will gets to work and listens to Hannibal rummaging around behind him as he gets pots and pans out of various cabinets.

“Were you at a restaurant earlier?”

“No. I was in my office here, looking at some figures for next month.”

“I just assumed because you weren’t wearing your ring, that maybe you had been in the restaurant and gotten a little too involved and needed to take it off to not lose it.”

Hannibal pauses. “Can you face me?”

Will pauses in his chopping and turns around. His breath stops for a moment because Hannibal has undone his sleeves and rolled them up his forearms. He gets lost in staring at Hannibal’s arms, imagining them holding onto him.

“What I am about to tell you, I don’t want you to think that it means that I don’t want to be a father to my children.”

Will doesn’t say anything, his heart is in his throat.

“I asked Bedelia for a divorce.” Hannibal is looking at Will so intently. “I realised that even though I was lucky that the sample took with you, it still didn’t give her the right to unfreeze it without my permission.”

“She made the choice herself?”

“Yes. We had been on the verge of splitting up for months. She knew it. I knew it. But neither of us was brave enough to say anything about it. But she thought that if she got pregnant that there was no way that I would divorce her.”

“Was she right?”

“Probably. After all, that would have been the mother of my children. And we would have continued sleeping in different bedrooms.”

“So what changed?”

“I knew I couldn’t live with the betrayal anymore. And she hated you, felt that you had stolen her opportunities.”

“She told me she loved you.”

“Not enough to not be sleeping with a colleague.”

Will sighs. "I'm sorry, Hannibal."

He wants to go to Hannibal and hold him close. Can feel a comforting purr threaten its way out. "For what it's worth, I still want you to be a father."

Hannibal's face can only be described as relieved. "If there is anything I can do."

"I know that I was so afraid of being a single parent. But I'm not going to be one, am I?"

"No, of course not. I will be there for everything. Every appointment, every single moment."

"I thought so. You know I wasn't even sure that I wanted to be involved in their lives. But when I saw those two blobs I knew that I couldn't not be."

Hannibal has tears in his eyes. "Thank you, Will."

Will wipes at his own eyes. "Well you should probably finish making me some food. Because I'm eating for three now."

Hannibal chuckles and Will ignores the urge to hold Hannibal close and kiss him until he runs out of oxygen. Instead he turns to the chopping board and continues dicing up the vegetables.

It's comforting, the two of them cooking together. Will realizes that Hannibal is making him gumbo as soon as he passes over the chopped vegetables. It makes that warm feeling in his heart grow larger. Imagining the two of them cooking together in the kitchen with small feet pattering around.

A few days later Will feels like absolute shit. It almost feels like pre-heat symptoms. He is irritable and sleeping even more than he had been. He had finally relented to both the pressure from Hannibal and Beau to drop one of his jobs. Will had handed in his resignation letter to the restaurant and it meant that he had a little more time to work on his assignments for school and not feel guilty about it.

Beau keeps looking at him strangely when he finds Will in the kitchen at midnight standing in front of the open fridge and gathering together ingredients for a sandwich. When Beau asks him about it, Will just snaps at him.

"What's happening to you, hon?"

"I don't know. I think it must be pregnancy hormones."

"I'm not so sure. I can't remember being like this during pregnancy."

Will hums and then closes the fridge. He makes himself a sandwich and returns to his room. The other symptom he is having that he doesn't tell Beau about is how horny he is. He is almost constantly slick and the urge to sink fingers inside of him is intense; it makes him feel out of control.

He tries googling things but doesn't get very far. But he resolves to ask his OB-GYN the next morning to get an explanation.

As soon as he has eaten his sandwich the arousal has gotten too great to ignore. He makes sure his door is locked and then he gets into his bed and makes sure the covers are completely over him before he grasps his aching cock.

He whimpers and then clasps a hand over his mouth to muffle the sounds. He thinks about having one of Hannibal's hands wrapped around his cock. The other he is sure would be circling his hole and then pushing in. Will is so wet that he knows his finger would slide in without any resistance.

Will wants to sink his fingers inside but he still feels ashamed about having anything inside of him. Besides he knows that his own fingers wouldn't fill him up as nicely as Hannibal's would.

It's the thought of Hannibal fucking inside him with several fingers that makes him come with a cry that is barely muffled by his hand and the covers.

He cleans himself up with tissues and then settles down to sleep, his head filled with thoughts of Hannibal.

Will wakes the next morning and he is covered in his own come and slick. He feels like he is in heat even though he feels clearer than the other heats he has had. Once he is showered and dressed he calls his doctor.

She explains that it is not uncommon for unmated pregnant omegas to go through a faux heat if they know the parent is available to be mated. It seems that Will's body has decided that now he is no longer with Matthew and Hannibal is divorcing Bedelia, that they should be bonding.

It frightens him. But a voice in his head supplies images of his dreams, and he knows it would feel so good to give in and go to Hannibal. Will is concerned too that it is just because of hormones that he feels this way about Hannibal.

After the call he goes to Beau who is watching TV. "You're in heat."

"Yeah. It seems it's normal with unmated omegas who didn't get pregnant during a heat. It's meant to cement the bond."

"Talk to me, Will."

"I'm scared that these feelings I have for Hannibal are just because of hormones and that the moment I give birth, they won't be there."

"That's nonsense and you know it. Hormones can't create feelings. They only enhance them." Beau pauses and pulls Will onto the couch. The touch feels almost wrong, like it should only be Hannibal to touch him. "I fucked you up pretty bad, didn't I?"

"What do you mean?"

“I never should have told you you had to stay pure until you’re bonded and married. I knew when you were 12 you were already completely different to me. You would have found someone good. In fact, you have found someone good.”

“What if he doesn’t think the same about me?”

“Again, that’s bullshit. You text him everyday and the few times I’ve seen you together, I saw the way he looked at you.”

His heart feels like it is beating a mile a minute. “How did he look at me?”

“Like you hung the moon and stars.” Beau stretches. “Besides, I remember what you were like when you kissed him all those years ago. And that was outside of hormones.”

“Yeah, but he never called again.”

“Didn’t you say he would have received a cancer diagnosis relatively soon after?”

“I did.”

“So he was distracted.”

Will knows Beau is making sense but he is still afraid. “I don’t know what to do.”

“You have two options: you deal with your heat alone or you go and see him.”

“What if he rejects me?”

Beau chuckles, “He would be crazy to do so. Besides I know there is something between the two of you. And to my reckoning it sure looks like love.”

That floors Will and before he knows it, he’s getting up off the couch. “Do you need a lift, hon?”

“Yes.” Will knows he shouldn’t get on the bus in his current state. “Please.”

“Of course.” Beau presses a kiss to his forehead. “Let me get my keys. It’s on my way to work and I can clock in a little early.”

“Right, work. I forgot.”

“Let me sort it.”

Will nods, his brain beginning to focus solely on the prospect of seeing Hannibal.

The next thing he knows, he is standing in front of Hannibal’s door. His father is standing a little way away near his car. It sounds like a wounded animal is crying until Will realizes that it’s him making that noise. He knocks at the door. It is flung open almost immediately.

He inhales deeply and as soon as he smells Hannibal, the panic is gone. His head feels clearer and Hannibal’s eyes flash red.

“Come in.” His voice is thick with obvious arousal.

“Yeah.” Will says and steps over the threshold. He knows his life is about to change completely.

Hannibal shuts the door behind him and Will knows that his dad will probably just drive to work. He is pushed against the closed door and then Hannibal’s lips are on his. The kiss is bruising and desperate and Hannibal swallows any noise that Will makes.

Will’s skin feels overheated and he wants to be out of his clothes almost immediately so he pushes against Hannibal who lets go of him with a growl. “Clothes. Off,” Will says quietly. Hannibal nods and nips at his neck, just where his teeth are going to leave a scar.

“Let me take you to bed first.”

“You don’t want to talk first?” Will is surprised at how coherent he sounds and feels. But knowing that Hannibal is just as affected as he is makes him feel better.

“We should.” Hannibal pauses, his forehead resting at Will’s throat. “Do you want this?”

“More than anything. I should have realized it earlier.”

Hannibal laughs. “To think if I had only called you back all those years ago, we could have had this all this time.

“I know.” Will’s chest is heaving as he tries to catch his breath. “Take me to bed. And know that I am here because I want to be.”

“Yeah,” Hannibal whispers and then he takes Will’s hand. He presses a kiss to the center of his palm before holding onto it. He pulls Will away from the door and upstairs.

Will can feel the heat beginning to descend on him again. Somehow it feels different to all the heats he has had thus far. But it might be because it isn’t a true heat.

He barely notices Hannibal’s bedroom and how it is decorated. It smells purely of Hannibal and it makes Will purr. Already his own scent is beginning to permeate the air and the way they smell together is making him feel weak-kneed.

Hannibal pushes him onto the bed and Will lets himself fall. He luxuriates in the feeling of the sheets beneath him as he stretches out. Hannibal is looking at him with hungry eyes.

His clothes are torn off of him and Will whimpers at the show of strength, slick is leaking from him and he knows he is leaving a mess on the sheets.

He is pushed into the mattress by Hannibal’s weight and Hannibal kisses him again, like he can’t quite get enough of kissing Will. While he is enjoying it, it isn’t quite what he wanted so he shoves at Hannibal’s chest.

Hannibal rears back and Will purrs. He doesn’t want Hannibal to stop but he needs to be presenting for Hannibal. Needs to be good for him.

He rolls onto his front and draws his knees underneath him. Supporting his weight with his elbows. His cock is leaking too but he resists touching himself. Alpha is here and it is his job to make Will come.

When Hannibal doesn't move he pleads, "Alpha please. Need you."

"Yes," Hannibal growls, then Will hears the sound of a zipper being pulled down. Something hot slides along his crack and nudges at his hole. He pushes his hips backwards. He thinks he might die if Hannibal isn't inside him.

"Please." He doesn't know what else to do. "Breed me. Claim me."

Finally Hannibal pushes in with one smooth thrust. His hips meet Will's ass with a loud sound that almost startles him. For a moment Will wonders why he never let this happen before because it feels so right.

He keens when Hannibal pulls back, clenching hard around the cock inside him. He will tear his own hair out if he doesn't have Hannibal inside of him at all times.

The pace is relentless and Will can't seem to catch his breath, each thrust drives it out of him. He is making so many noises that he doesn't know what to do with himself. Hannibal plasters himself over his back and the clothes chafe at his overheated back. He doesn't think he would want it any other way.

Hannibal is growling in his ear and Will is meeting every single thrust with his hips and a punched out cry.

Something is nudging at his hole and Will is frantic. "In me, in me, in me," he chants.

With another thrust Hannibal's knot is forced inside him and locks them together. It's that pressure on his prostate that makes Will come. It's the most intense orgasm he has ever had. He can feel Hannibal flood him. The thought sends another aftershock through him.

His head feels so much clearer. "Alpha. Bite," he only says. He needs to know Hannibal wants this as much as he does. Teeth graze at his mating gland before biting in. The pain blinds him with pleasure and he comes again. Dry this time. Completely overwrought.

It's like everything snaps into place in that moment. The draw to Hannibal made permanent and he feels loved.

Tears are falling down his cheeks and into the pillow beneath his head. "I love you."

Hannibal gasps. He presses kisses to Will's cheek and Will turns his head so he can kiss the taste of his blood from Hannibal's mouth.

"I love you. The gift you have given me can never be repaid." Hannibal's accent is thick with emotion and Will purrs in answer. He lets his knees slide out so that he is pressed into the mattress by Hannibal's weight.

He hadn't known how good it would feel to have his alpha's weight on top of him. "I think it's over," Will says after a while.

"You no longer smell like you're in heat."

Will nods, he feels exhausted. "To think this all started because a doctor had something happen in her personal life and mixed up the rooms."

"I should send her some flowers as a thank you."

He hums and then sleep pulls him under. This time his dreams are filled with Hannibal holding onto one baby as he holds onto the other. A ring adorns each of their ring fingers and it glistens in the sunlight.

The End

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